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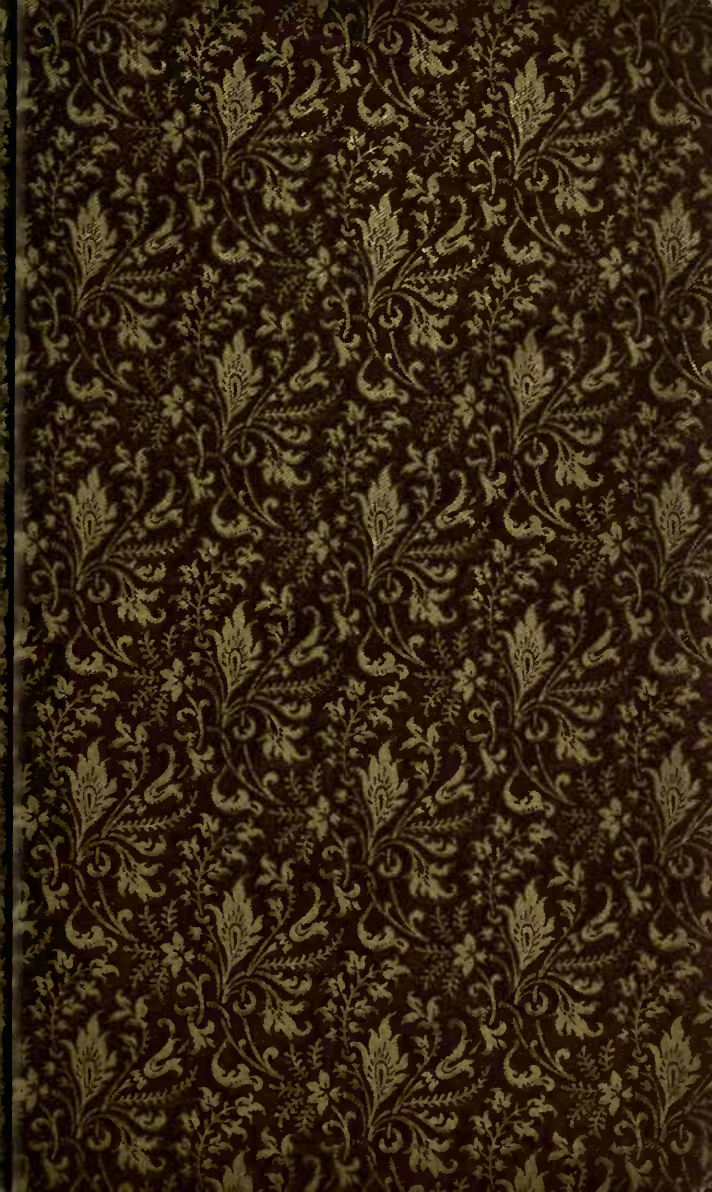
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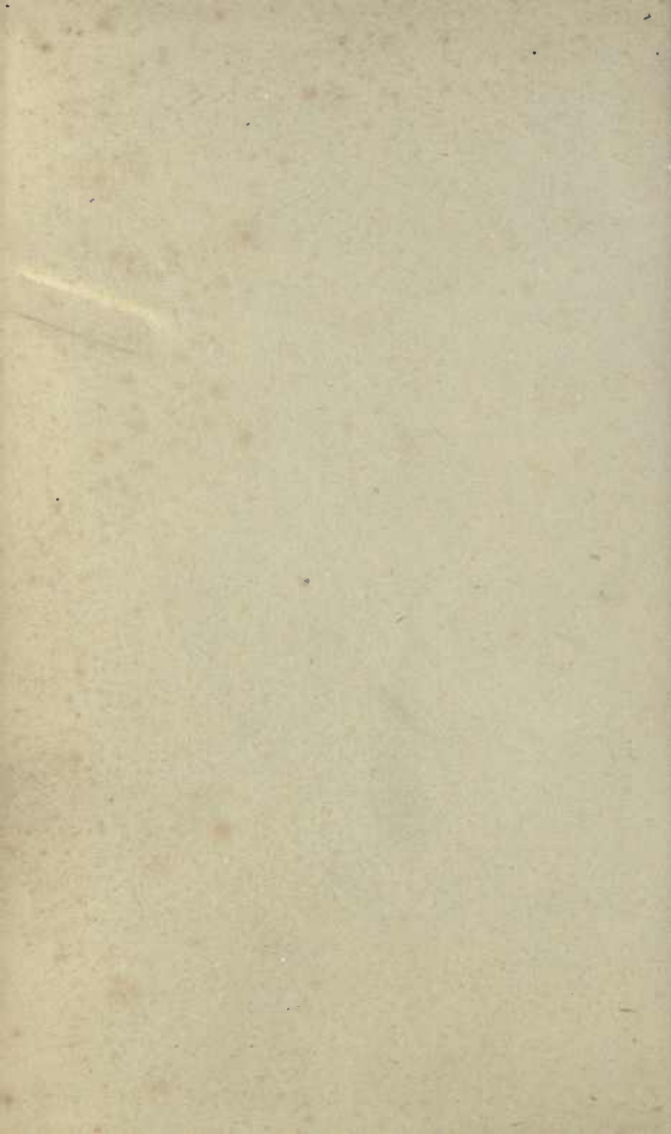


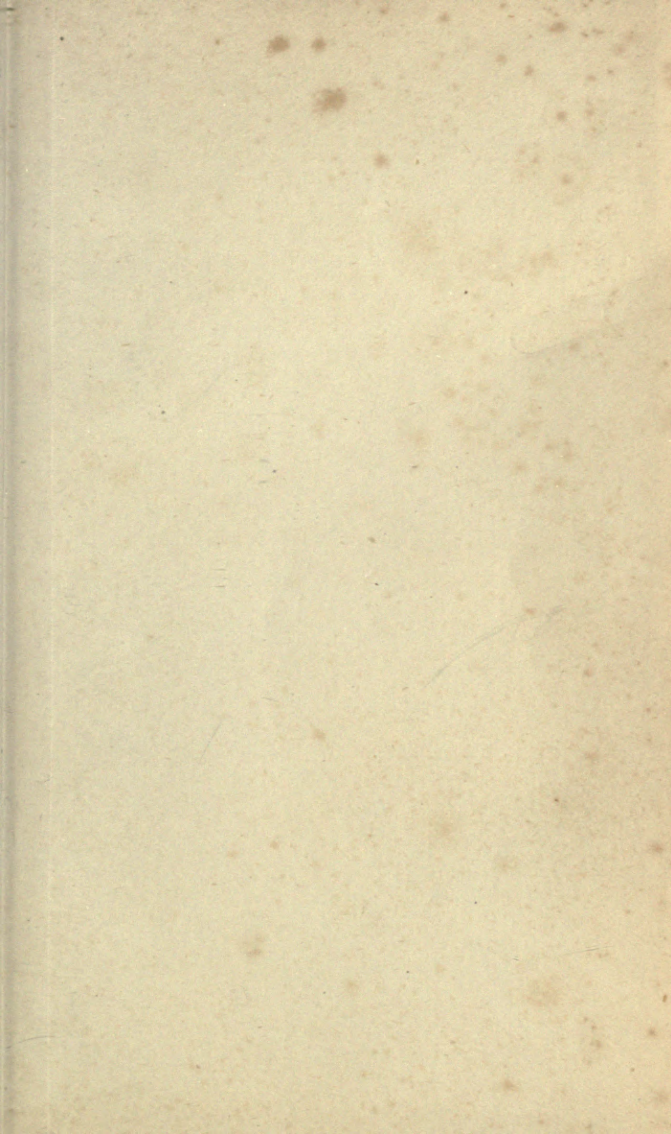
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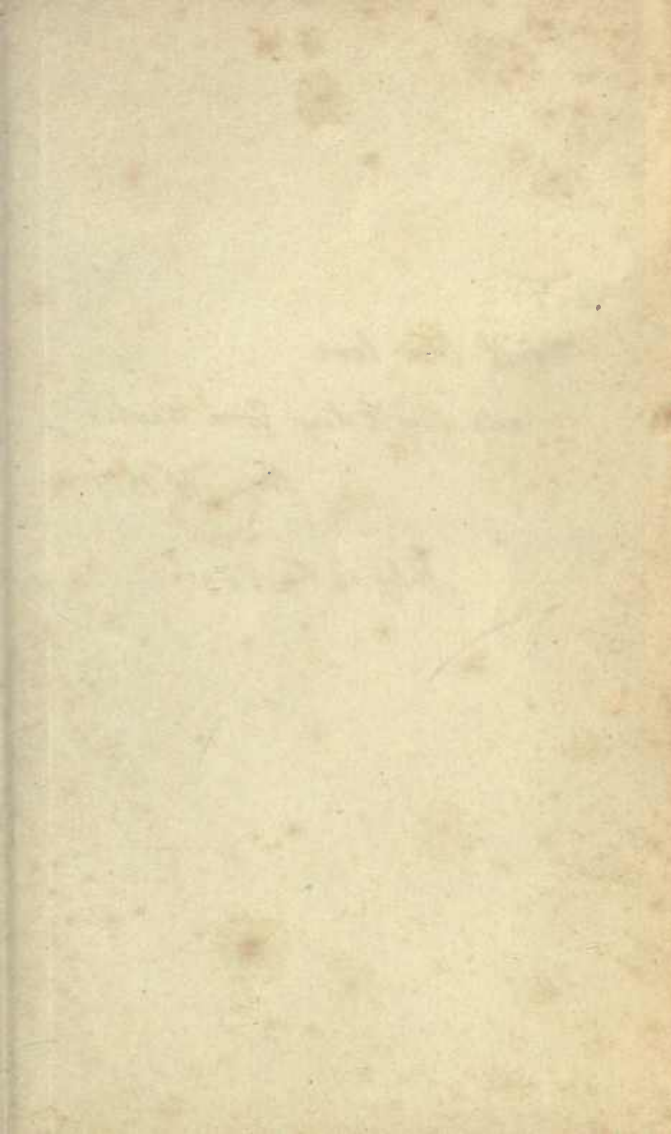


Gordon Tomkins.









E.T.

With best love,

and Birthday Good Wishes,

from H.B.T

July 14th, 1885.

THOUGHTS AND REMEMBRANCE.

PUBLISHED BY
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THOUGHTS AND REMEMBRANCE.

VERSES

BY

EMILY LEITH.

GLASGOW :
DAVID BRYCE & SON.
1885.

"Thoughts and Remembrance fitted."—

Hamlet, Act iv., Scene 5.

IN LOVING MEMORY

TO MY MOTHER,

MY TRUEST FRIEND AND MOST INDULGENT CRITIC, I OFFER,

UNWORTHY THOUGH THEY BE, THESE FEW DRIED

FLOWERS OF

THOUGHTS AND REMEMBRANCE.

PREFACE.

SEVERAL of the Poems in this Volume having appeared from time to time in the "Argosy," "Every Girls' Magazine," "The Family Treasury," and "Cassell's Magazine," I take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Charles Wood, Messrs. George Routledge & Sons, Messrs. T. Nelson & Sons, and Messrs. Cassell & Company for their kind courtesy in permitting me to include them in the present Collection.

EMILY LEITH.

LONDON, 1885.

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THOUGHTS AND REMEMBRANCE.

THOUGHTS AND REMEMBRANCE.

NEW-YEAR MUSINGS.

“ Here’s rosemary, that’s for remembrance ; . . .
and here is pansies, that’s for thoughts.”

Hamlet, Act iv., Scene 5.

THE last year’s bells have scarcely ceased to ring,
The last year’s voices echo in our ears,
And last year’s memories, sad and sweet, that cling
Around our hearts, can move us still to tears ;

And yet the year is gone ! Old friend, good-bye !
Your griefs and joys are buried side by side ;
But on their graves bloom flowers which ne’er will die,
And these we’ll cherish whatsoe’er betide.

Thoughts of the hand that held us all the way,
Thoughts of the help that saved us from despair,
Thoughts of the love that taught our lips to pray,
That led us gently up the golden stair.

Some grew in stony soil, 'neath cloudy skies,
Were fed and fostered by our falling tears,
But now they bloom to gladden grief-worn eyes,
And bring heart's-ease for soul-oppressing fears ;

While others sprang in bright and happy hours,
Nourished by sunshine, fed by summer dew ;—
Fadeless for aye, these fair immortal flowers,
Beyond the grave they'll blossom forth anew.

Though Time may rob us of the things of Time,
Though Death may crown loved brows with asphodel,
Glad thoughts are borne upon the New-Year's chime :
“To him that trusts and waits all goeth well.”

"LIGHT, MORE LIGHT."

GOETHE.

DARKNESS and mist are all around, within,
The clouds hang heavy o'er this twilight globe.
Dark clouds of doubt, of sorrow, and of sin,
We sigh for light their mysteries to probe.

'Mid mazes labyrinthine blindly groping,
Deluded by false lights, and led astray,
How many lose themselves, while fondly hoping
That they alone have access to the day !

In Speculation's swamp they flounder, thinking
That they have found a footing firm and true ;
Blind leaders of the blind ! while deeper sinking,
They drag their weaker brethren with them too.

Each takes his tiny lantern's feeble flicker
For the great Sun itself. O strange conceit !
These cannot pierce the fog-mists gathering thicker,
Nor light a pathway for their stumbling feet.

Beyond the clouds the sun is brightly shining ;
Can we not wait the passing of the night ?
Till then, in faith on His sure word reclining,
We raise the soul's deep cry for "Light, more light."

A

UNSEEN PRESENCE.

FRIEND with the tender eyes, that gaze so sadly
Out of the golden mist of former years,
Canst thou divine how joyfully, how gladly,
I would recall thee now? Canst see my tears?

Dost know the anguish that my soul is feeling?
Time was when all my sorrows were thine own;
When, the first shade of sadness o'er me stealing,
Thou hadst the power to soothe, and thou alone.

And can it be that this close bond is broken?
That thy pure spirit knows me now no more?
Can we not hold communion, though unspoken,
With those we love upon the far-off shore?

No answer—only Autumn winds that, sweeping
Through the bare branches, make a ceaseless moan;
Above, a thrush her lonely watch is keeping—
Her nest lies empty and the birds are flown.

Whence comes that scent of roses, wafted faintly?
Thy favourite flower, and yet no rose is near;
It brings assurance of thy presence saintly—
Friend, though unseen, I know that thou art here!

IN THE CLOISTER.

IN the old monastic garden,
Where the shadows come and go,
Pace in holy meditation,
Sandalled brothers to and fro.

'Twixt the rows of sunflowers, leaning
To their god each burning heart,
Past sweet herb and shrub, revealing
Token of the healing art.

Some, in lofty contemplation,
Watch the sunset colours red ;
Over breviary and missal,
Bendeth many a cowlèd head.

Abbey walls shut out the tumult
Of the world, its strife and din ;
Passionless and even beateth
Heart and pulse those walls within.

When the ponderous gates closed on them,
Human life was left without ;
Human love, and human feeling,
Memory—all, were blotted out.

So at least the Church has willed it,
But the heart is stronger still,

And hath deeper needs implanted
Than her narrow creed can fill.

See the monk through yonder grating,
In his solitary cell,
Lifting yearning prayers to Heaven ;
All his trouble who can tell ?

“ Was it then for this, O Father,
Orphaned, desolate to be,
That I gave up Love, Home, Beauty ?
Yet I feel no nearer Thee.

Here in cloistered cell I thought me
Heaven to find, and Peace and Rest ;
But here, too, hath sin dominion,
And a home in monkish breast.”

Softly through the gathering twilight
Rings the Angelus to prayer,
And an angel’s wing in passing,
Seems to stir the dusky air.

Through the Chapel windows streaming,
Floods of music drown his soul ;
Holy Chant and swelling Anthem
Make the wounded spirit whole.

“ Come, O come, ye heavy laden ”—
’Tis to thee, poor monk, addressed ;
“ Come,” ring on, ye seraph voices—
“ Come, and I will give you rest.”

DANTE AND BEATRICE.

YOUNG Dante, with the unfathomable eyes,
In fair dream-haunted Florence, long ago,
That flower of sculptured thought—in poet-wise,
You lived and drank of streams eterne which flow
From rose-crowned heights to water Paradise.

Pure as the lilies that she moved among,
There crossed your path the Angel of your dreams,
Beatrice ! around whose slender form there throng
Visions of light celestial, heavenly gleams,
And all your life was moulded into song.

Boy-worshipper ! at her sweet shrine you knelt,
Your thoughts being raised to worlds beyond the sun,
When first you saw your childish Saint you felt
Goodness and Truth and Beauty were all one,
Since in the Monna Bice all three dwelt.

By reverent love your soul was purified,
And in the days that followed, when from sight
Your light was gone, and you had well-nigh died,
Life seemed like death, and day was quenched in night,
But Life's fresh currents set with fuller tide.

Seer and Prophet now ! The child you sung,
Crowned with grey olive, beckons with her hand :
Flowers from hands invisible are flung,
As out of sight you pass. Eternal stand,
Dante and Beatrice, for ever young !

DREAMLAND.

AS one who lies within some ocean cave,
And hears the low soft murmur of the sea,
While in his brain the beat of wave on wave,
Forms one sweet strain of perfect melody ;

Or, as some traveller on Alpine height,
Gazing his fill on rose-flushed peaks of snow,
His being filled with exquisite delight,
Seems rapt away from Earth and all below ;

So doth the soul in far-off Dreamland rest—
A little while from care and grief set free—
Borne there by Sleep upon her balmy breast,
And left to roam at will in ecstasy.

There do the shadowy longings born of Earth
Bloom into life, and take a shape defined,
While joy, unknown before, finds there its birth,
And bursts like light on eyes that erst were blind.

There sweet faint echoes from the life without,
Like scattered notes of some forgotten strain,
Through Memory's caves float dimly in and out,
But ere we've grasped them, lo ! they're gone again.

We meet the loved ones we have lost below,
With smiling eyes they take us by the hand,
Between us words of tender greeting flow,
Wandering together through the mystic land ;

A land of shadows—phantoms made of air,
Which come to mock us by the form they take ;
One moment real and life-like they are there,
The next dissolves the fabric, and we wake !

UPWARD!

"He that wearies not, soars."—*Spanish Proverb.*

UP mounts the lark through Heaven's wide fields of
blue,

Unwearied and exultant, till the eye
No more can see its size or shape or hue,
And higher still it mounts, and still more high,
Till as a speck it seems, then disappears,
Leaving its song still ringing in our ears.

And what is then the burden of its song?

What does it say with those sweet notes so clear,
As upward float our souls with it along,

Till Earth seems far away and Heaven so near?
It seems to say, "Rise upward evermore,
And weary not if thou like me wouldst soar."

Stretched on the grass, beneath a spreading lime,

A student, worn with studying, weary lay,
Slow crept the pace of leaden-footed Time,

And failure dimmed for him that Summer's day.
Dreamy and sad he lay, when at his feet
A lark uprose, with trills of music sweet.

Loud swelled its song and fuller, till the air
Became instinct with music rich and wild,
And all despondency and weary care
Seemed from that student's heart to be beguiled.
He felt the refrain of its song to be :
"O weary not, and thou wilt soar like me."

A strange new hope began to stir his heart,
Which, like a thirsty plant drinks in the dew,
Drank that sweet music in, and took its part
In all the sunshine round, and woke anew
To life and joy, and all things that did seem
So short a while ago, a faded dream.

He went his way, and worked with eager zest,
And though he failed sometimes as heretofore,
He wearied not, but ever forward pressed,
While Hope with her white pinions him upbore.
At length Success crowned all, and brilliant Fame
Blessed that poor student who had sought the same.

He pondered gratefully in after days
On what the lark had taught him, and at length
That lesson he applied in many ways ;
In doing good it gave him hope and strength.
His crest a lark—his motto evermore
Was, "Weary not, if thou like me wouldst soar."

THE VEIL OF THE FUTURE.

DARK the veil that hides the future—
Would we lift it if we could?
Would we see what lies before us,
Both of evil and of good?

Would we know the crushing sorrows,
And the failures and the pain?
O, if once the veil were lifted,
We could never smile again!

Present joys would lose their radiance,
Shadowed by the coming years,
And the lamp of Hope within us
Be extinguished by our tears.

Dewy Dawn and Noontide splendour,
Twilight Eve and starry Night,
Never more would thrill our senses
With their magic lost delight.

Weave your spells, ye Lenten lilies,
Gleaming white beneath the moon;
Fill our hearts with Summer sweetness,
Roses clustering in June.

Whisper still of Hope's fruition,
Autumn sheaves of paley gold,
Diamonds on the breast of Winter,
Yield us rapture as of old !

All your joys we would not barter,
For the knowledge with its pain ;
For, if once the veil were lifted,
We would never smile again.

BY AND BY.

FAREWELL, bright dawns and perfume-laden airs,
Faint with the breath of roses newly blown,
Warm, slumbrous noons when sleep our haunting cares,
Long Summer days and nights, too swiftly flown.
With sighs and sad regrets we saw you go ;
Why did you leave us, who had loved you so ?

'Neath sapphire skies, by starry hedgerows sweet,
Laced with pearled-threads of gossamer, we went ;
Wild Summer blooms beneath our wandering feet,
And Summer in our hearts, on love intent.
"I will return," you said, "when roses blow,"
That time you said "Good-bye," a year ago.

But I alone have seen them bloom and die,
While you have passed beyond the shadows here
Into the light. I'll follow by and by.
Meantime I wait, and hold the roses dear,
And Summer sacred for the love I bear,
Until we meet again, some day, somewhere.

A GREETING.

ISAAC TO REBEKAH.

HAIL, Wife, God-chosen ! I have waited long
For this glad consummation. From among
The daughters of my kindred far away
Thou com'st to-day.

Before thine infant lips could lisp His name,
He destined thee for me—thy love I claim ;
Be thou my help-meet through the coming years,
In smiles and tears.

The days wherein thy childish feet did roam
Along the upland valley of thy home,
And 'mid the lilies tall were wont to stray,
More white than they.

Those days which brought me Manhood came and went,
And took from me the boyish glad content
With which I once had bound the golden shocks,
And fed the flocks.

Oft from my father's tents I've wandered wide
Across the fields alone at Eventide,
That none the burden of my heart should see,
To dream of thee.

I've seen thee in the visions of the night,
I've heard the rustling of thy garments light,
And felt thy presence round me in the air,
And everywhere,

To wake alone beneath the starry skies,
Gazing on me with cold, unpitying eyes,
While all around me peacefully have slept,
And I have wept.

But yesternight I saw thee by the well,
In whose cool depths the evening shadows fell,
Thy pitcher borne aloft, and fairer far
Than angels are.

And o'er my soul there swept a joy divine—
A thousand voices echoed "She is thine."
Then down upon the crocus-sprinkled sod
I knelt to God.

I watched for thee across the sunset plain,
And viewed thy camels' slowly moving train ;
While yet afar, I saw thy form alight,
All veiled in white.

And I have hasted on with wingèd feet
To greet thee, Wife, to give thee welcome meet.
Lift up thine eyes, Rebekah ! I have come
To lead thee home.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

A SHIP far out on a smiling sea,
With its snowy sails outspread,
Cleaving the waters merrily,
And a bright sun overhead.

It kisses the cheek of the sailor lad,
As he climbs to the masthead high ;
He sings at his work, for his heart is glad,
As he thinks of his home so nigh.

A cottage home, where the roses twine,
And a Mother in silent prayer ;
And the self-same sun which on him doth shine,
Is gilding her silvery hair.

The lightnings flash and the thunders roar,
The waves they are mountains high ;
No help on the ocean, no help from shore,
No light in the midnight sky.

A brave ship struggling with might and main,
With its white sails rent and torn,
It lurches and groans like a thing in pain,
And its mast is well nigh gone.

A sailor clings to a broken spar,
And his face is wild and sad.
A Mother prays in her home afar,
To-night for her sailor lad.

Thy child is saved for that prayer of thine.
And the tempests wild they cease—
Over a cottage where roses twine
Hovers the Angel of Peace.

THE GOBLET OF KIRK MERLUGH.

A LEGEND OF THE ISLE OF MAN.

A SILVER goblet, with sculptures rare,
Rests in Kirk Merlugh's shrine ;
And all who enter that house of Prayer,
May see the marvellous goblet there,
Which holds the sacred wine.

Yon aged man, with the snow-white beard
And oaken staff, can tell
A tale of wonder, both strange and weird,
Of how and to whom it first appeared,
For I trow he witteth well.

The tale runs thus—'Twas a Summer's night,
And the moon in beauty shone,
Flooding the tarn with silvery light,
And cheering the heart of the weary wight
Who traversed the heath alone.

When, hark ! a melody, sweet and low,
Came floating upon the breeze,
Louder and fuller it seemed to grow,
And then it dropped to a wail of woe,
And died 'mid the distant trees.

And as he listened, it swelled once more ;
'Twas surely no earthly strain !
Such wond'rous longing his soul came o'er,
And waked in him feelings unknown before—
A mingling of joy and pain.

It led him on to an open space,
Where, feasting upon the ground,
Were curious men of the elfin race,
And here and there a familiar face
He saw as he gazed around.

What strange mysterious fate, thought he,
Had brought his old comrades here ?
The elves they welcomed him courteously,
Bade him be seated, and hoped that he
Would join in their festive cheer.

A foaming goblet, with sculptures rare,
Was passing from lip to lip ;
A voice at his elbow said, " Friend, beware !
Taste not the liquid that mantles there :
'Tis death if you take one sip."

Alas ! with thirst did the stranger pine ;
Would he drink when the cup came round ?
He longed for a draught of the red, red wine,
And sighed as he looked in its ruby shine,—
Then poured it upon the ground.

The thunder it pealed with a fearful sound,
And a gruesome gulf yawned wide ;
All, all had vanished beneath the ground,
And the stranger guest by himself he found,
The elfin cup by his side.

To the Priest he bore it with reverent care,
Who placed it upon the shrine ;
And all who enter that house of Prayer,
May see the marvellous goblet there
Which holds the sacred wine.

SAUL AND DAVID.

FOLD thy wings, O restless spirit,
Tempest-riven heart, be whole;
Wild and dark the gloomy visions
That beset thy troubled soul.

Evil spirits brooding o'er thee,
With their shadowy pinions spread,
Whisper thoughts that lead to madness—
Light and Hope and Faith are fled.

Bend the knee, thou haughty Monarch,
In the hour of danger, pray !
See, with mournful, muffled visage,
Thy good angel steals away.

Evil reigns supreme, triumphant,
Dark and lowering is thy brow.
Is there, then, no help, no mercy?
Is there none to save thee now ?

Like a wild and wintry Moorland,
Over which the tempests roll,
Bleak and bare, the haunt of bitterns,
Is the Monarch's storm-swept soul.

Hark ! Whence come those strains melodious,
Softly swelling, sweet and true ?

Is a door ajar in Heaven,
Letting all the music through?

See his gloomy brow relaxing,
As the storm-clouds roll away;
Summer winds sweep o'er the Moorland,
And the golden sunbeams play.

Baffled, shrink those sable legions
From his presence, one and all,
As the music, rising, falling,
Holds the listener's heart in thrall.

Lift thine eyes, great king ! surrounded
By the splendours of thy court.
Art amazed to see before thee
But a shepherd lad, untaught ?

By the melody he waketh
From the harp within his hand,
Know, that shepherd is the equal
Of the noblest in the land.

Heaven-born Music, rolling onward
Through the ages full and free,
Still will live when earth has vanished,
Live through all eternity !

Earth's most glorious airs are garnered,
Each that now our bosom thrills,
We will hear again with rapture
On the everlasting hills.

THE TWO VOICES.

A VOICE went wailing through the night :
“ Weep—for the year is dying.
Weep for the moments flying.
With all thy force and might
Thou canst not stay their flight—
Weep for the year that’s dying.”

The voice went moaning as in pain :
“ Weep for the mis-spent year,
Sing requiems o’er its bier.
Thou canst not find again
The scattered golden grain—
Weep for the passing year.”

The voice sank sobbing in despair :
“ Weep for the tears you’ve shed,
Weep for the joys now fled,
The hopes that promised fair,
All melted into air ;
Weep—for the year is dead.”

.

A voice went ringing through the night :

“ Rejoice ! a year is born !

No longer weep and mourn.

With glorious light,

And promise bright,

Shall burst the New Year's dawn.”

On through the silent moonlit night

Shrill rang the voice and clear :

“ Fresh joys, fresh hopes are here—

A tablet white

On which to write.

Greet, then, the new-born year !”

“THE WATER-NIXIE.”

A SWEDISH LEGEND.

SILVERY waters sparkling gaily, golden sunshine
bright and warm,

Where the motes are dancing, glancing, and the Water-
Nixies swarm;

Where the snowy lilies sleeping, lie upon the river's
breast,

And the air is sweetly laden with the odours of the West.
Clear and low, come softly stealing strains of music to
the shore;

Do they come from Earth or Heaven? we could listen
evermore.

At the sound the lark, enchanted, pauses on the upward
wing,

And a rev'rend Father, passing, thinks he hears an angel
sing,

As the words are borne towards him, sinking now and
now they swell—

“I know that my Redeemer liveth”—words that Chris-
tians love so well.

Leaning on his staff he listens, and he gazes round to see
Whence the voice, and who the author, of such wondrous
Minstrelsy.

On the sparkling stream before him sits a tiny Water
Sprite,

With a crimson cap surmounting wavy tresses soft and
light.

“Stay thy song, O being presumptuous ! Know destruc-
tion is thy doom ;

Not for such as thou the Saviour. Easier for this staff to
bloom

Than that thou shouldst see Salvation.” Thus dissolved
his happy dream,

And the Nixie, wildly weeping, threw his lyre into the
stream.

Then the Priest pursued his journey with a self-com-
placent air.

Mayst thou never, rev’rend Father, know the meaning
of despair !

Lo ! a wonder-working marvel ; see his staff, so gnarled
and old,

Bearing tender leaves and blossoms, which before his
eyes unfold !

Know, O Priest, ’tis not thy province to restrict the grace
divine,

Which is full, and free, and boundless, and admits no
narrow line.

Humbly did he learn the lesson that the blooming staff
conveyed,

And returned towards the river where the weeping Nixie
stayed.

“Dost thou see this branch of blossoms? Take the
comfort that it gives,

Thus shall hope bud forth within thee, for thy blest
Redeemer lives !”

Bright and warm the golden sunbeams which upon the
water play,

And the Nixie's heart is happy, for the cloud has rolled
away.

Once again he tunes his lyre, and the Woodland Echo
rings

With the words of that sweet anthem that the Water
Spirit sings—

“I know, I know”—the Echo hears it and repeats it to
the shore—

“I know that my Redeemer liveth—liveth—liveth ever-
more !”

TO DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

A RECOLLECTION OF BURLINGTON HOUSE, JAN. 1883.

A CROSS the shadowy mists which, hanging low,
Shroud Earth's sad children in their cerements grey,
A flash of sunlight from the upper day
Reveals the hidden glories thou didst know,
The heavenly world which all around thee lay.

Methinks thy mighty namesake, Gabriel, hath
Purged our eyes with euphrasy, for lo !
We see the angels wandering to and fro,
Deep-eyed and crimson-winged, about our path,
And Heaven is with us as we walk below.

With thee we roam the visionary fields,
And see thee wander, consecrate, apart,
Rapt in the musings of thy fire-lit heart,
Kindled at Love's own shrine, whose worship yields
A two-fold bliss, a soul-consuming smart.

Alone with thee the mystic land we tread,
Where, pacing slow with lowly, reverent feet,
Thy brother-soul with Beatrice did meet ;
While Pilgrim Love his form o'ershadowed,
And heavenly sunshine filled the golden street.

But now these dreams and fantasies are o'er.
We may not follow thee, till backward roll
The gates through which thy late-enfranchised soul
Hath passed to where the shadows are no more—
One day we too may hope to reach the goal.

Farewell, Rossetti ! fleeting is the breath
Of the world's praise, which blows about thy name
Like summer clouds ; but to the few thy fame
Is dear as is thy legacy of death,
And in their heart of hearts they hold the same.

HOLY ISLE.

A REMINISCENCE.

SWEET ocean-flower upon the Northern sea !
Steeped in the tender light of memory,
I see the with thy ruined and cloistered pile,
Fair Holy Isle !

What visions crowd upon the inner eye !
Soul-pictures of the past, which cannot die ;
And musing thus, in thought I stand once more
Upon thy shore.

Child of the storm and mist, of foam and spray,
Since I beheld thee, years have passed away,
And many suns have set with dying smile
On Holy Isle.

I see thee now, re-peopled as of old,
Saint Cuthbert's monks safe sheltered in thy fold,
Or sending forth brave Aidan through the land,
The cross in hand.

Again, I see thee, Lindisfarne, bereft
Of all thy stately worshippers, and left
A prey to those thine Altars who defile,
O Holy Isle !

Dark were the days of fire and flame and sword,
Of martyrs' blood—the Church's seed—outpoured,
And bright the faith proclaimed with dying breath,
And strong in death !

Such are the thoughts that come when daylight dies,
Slowly the pictures fade before mine eyes,
And I return from wandering awhile

On Holy Isle.

THE SERPENT CACTUS.

A MEXICAN LEGEND.

THERE blooms a glorious crimson-petalled flower,
Sacred memorial of that awful hour,
When from the Cross went forth the bitter cry :
“Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani !”

A legend tells how, seeing His anguish sore,
Which for our sakes the blessed Saviour bore,
The Tempter stole to make a last essay
To win by subtle words his heavenly prey.

In serpent's guise, he, as to Eve, appeared,
And to his lofty length himself upreared ;
“If Thou be Christ indeed, come down from here,
And save Thyself,” he whispered in His ear.

In vain he sought to tempt his suffering Lord—
Into unwilling ears his words he poured ;
Once only did the Saviour make reply,
And few His words: “For man I gladly die.”

Baffled, the Tempter slid once more to ground,
And from that holy place escape he found ;
When, lo ! a wonder ; on the spot was seen
A flowering cactus where his form had been.

O sacred flower ! thou art a witness true
Of that great victory when Christ o'erthrew
The power of Satan, and to us did give
All might from sin to fly—in Him to live.

NIGHT AND MORNING.

OUT in the cold, the darkness, the despair ;
Out on the Desert Waste—unloved, alone ;
For thee no sun, no warm-encircling air ;
For others bread ; for thee, poor child, a stone.

For others all the glitter and the gold,
A pathway strewn with roses for their feet ;
For thee, black night upon the dreary wold,
The bitter, piercing wind, the driving sleet.

Storm-beaten lilies clinging round thy heart,
Dead flowers of Hope, which sprang in happier years,
While spectral forms of memory round thee start,
And mock with hollow laughter at thy tears.

Bear up, sad heart, bear up a little while—
Has not the Master said it? He will come.
Soon shalt thou bask beneath thy Father's smile,
Safe in the shelter of thy Father's Home.

A pleading voice comes stealing up the vale,
(The Valley of the Shadow), sweet its tone :
"Be not afraid, my trembling child, nor quail ;
Canst thou not watch one hour with Me alone?"

The night is now far spent—the day at hand—
The red dawn slowly creeps across the sea ;
Soon shall thine eyes behold the Morning Land,
Full in the sunlight of the Life to be.

A sound of rustling wings—the East a-glow,
“Good morning” greetings from an angel band ;
Through gates flung open wide, comes sweet and low,
A strain of welcome from the Spirit Land.

A SUMMER NOON ON LAKE COMO.

HUSH ! it is noon. A magic spell
Holds all the drowsy air ;
A dreamy languor o'er me steals
And broodeth everywhere ;
No shade in which to seek relief
Out of the blinding glare.

The lizard basking in the sun,
Has not the strength to crawl,
But stretches all his lazy length
Along the sun-baked wall.
Siesta undisputed reigns,
And Nature owns her thrall.

The terraced gardens breathing scent,
With myriad colours blaze,
The oleander droops and faints
Beneath the sultry rays ;
And all the sleepy summer noon
Swoons in a golden haze.

Down to the blue-green lake below
The trellised vineyard grows,

And clear reflections in its depths
The grey-leaved olive throws ;
While on its tranquil bosom sleeps
The shadow of the rose.

Beside the margin of the lake
The barcaruolo lies ;
Languid, he takes his dreamful ease
Beneath the cloudless skies.
We yield, Siesta, to thy spell,
And close the tired eyes.

A SONG OF THE SEA.

THE song of the sea as it lappeth
Gently against the shore.
Beyond, in the far-off country,
I never shall hear it more.

It tells of unsatisfied longings,
And of dreams which are unfulfilled,
And anon it whispers of comfort,
And my restless heart is stilled.

But the sea has a grander Anthem
When the winds and the waves are high,
And I think I should like to hear it
When I am about to die.

At night, when the world is sleeping,
The ocean it sings to me,
And, O, I shall miss its music
When there shall be no more sea !

SHADOWS.

WHAT is that shadow falling
Across the flowery plain,
Chequered with golden sun-light?
That shadow, child, is Pain,

Where Joy, with brow unclouded,
Recks not of grief or care,
That shadow follows closely,
Though none may see it there.

What is that shadow creeping
The human heart within,
Where all is best and noblest?
The shadow thrown by Sin.

'Tis never far from goodness ;
In this sad world of ours
A poison often lurketh
Within the choicest flowers.

What is that shadow looming
Where Life with balmy breath,
Is brightest, richest, fullest?
We call that shadow death.

SHADOWS.

This Earth is full of shadows,
Had we but eyes to see.
Look up in Faith undoubting
To where the shadows flee !

“IN EXCELSIS.”

SAY, hast thou seen the happy pilgrim band,
Marching together to the unseen land,
Through brake and briar, o'er ways beset with thorn,
With bleeding feet and with their raiment torn,
While on their faces rests a heavenly glow,
Like sunlight upon snow?

Say, hast thou heard the happy pilgrim song,
Waking the echoes as they march along?
That glad new song which none but those can sing
Who seek the golden city and its King.
Whose notes, caught up by countless choirs above,
Ring through the courts of Love.

Say, dost thou know one half the joys that wait
For those blest pilgrims there, beyond the gate,
In that fair city, like transparent glass,
Through which the feet of the redeemed shall pass?
Or half the glorious visions which unroll
Before the ransomed soul?

BLOWING BUBBLES.

CHILDREN are we, our airy bubbles blowing,
Laughing, we see them lightly float away,
Life's sterner side unheeding, or unknowing,
We clutch at pleasure while 'tis called to-day.

To-day, and yet to-day, and so time wingeth,
And armour rusts the while, and hearts grow cold.
The bubble's gone, e'en with the mirth it bringeth,
Cheerless and lone, we wake to find us old.

For wind-blown Fame we see men striving, dying,
'Tis selfhood all—a bubble at the best.
We sacrifice to self, all else denying,
Upon the altar of a vague unrest.

While Life, the hydra-headed, round us teeming,
Demands our hearts and brains to work and fight,
And burning questions press while we lie dreaming,
And wrongs cry out which we might help to right.

On one hand Ease, all earnest labour shirking,
Ignoble Ease, ere noble Rest be won,
Upon the other, in the furrows working,
Through noon's fierce glare, and in the end—"Well
done."

"WILD FLOWERS."

ONLY a wayside blossom,
Springing 'mid grasses green,
"What is its use?" one questioned,
"Living and dying unseen.

Flowers of richer fragrance,
And of more varied hue,
For our delight were fashioned—
They have *their* work to do.

But upon weed so lowly
Who would a thought bestow?"
Say, wouldst thou learn its mission?
List, if thou car'st to know.

Picture a crowded city,
Busy with trampling feet,
Far from the lanes and meadows,
Far from their breezes sweet.

Enter a homely dwelling,
There, by a couch of pain,
Lieth a wayside blossom,
With others from field and plain.

Only a few wild flowers !
That hither have found their way,
But, oh ! like a smile from heaven,
They've gladdened one heart to-day.

“GOOD NIGHT.”

GOOD night ! to thee my heart is fondly turning ;
The rosy clouds have faded in the west.
In heaven's blue vault the angels' lamps are burning,
The birds are mute, the world has sunk to rest.

Good night ! like tired doves their white wings folding,
My roving thoughts shall nestle round thy home,
And in their guardianship thy spirit holding,
Contented roost, nor ever seek to roam.

Good night ! my prayers are thine, to heaven ascending,
They shall besiege for thee the golden gate.
A thousand perfumes with the night winds blending,
Woo thee to slumber—it is growing late.
May angels keep their watch till morning light
Around thy pillow—once again, good night !

WITH THE STREAM.

GLIDING along the broad river, all gleaming
With sun-jewels that sparkled and played on its
breast,

Down through the golden-cupped lilies, and dreaming
Of Love as they floated on into the west.

On past the banks where the tall grasses waving,
Kissed the cool stream as they bended them low,
No sound to disturb the deep silence, saving
The waters' monotonous, musical flow.

Past where the swan 'mid the sedges was sleeping,
Her head 'neath her feathers, unruffled and white,
And where, through the brushwood, the rabbit was
peeping,
As if to make sure there was no one in sight.

Past where the deep blue forget-me-nots flooded
The space where they bloomed with a heavenly glow,
Where the iris stooped from the banks which it studded,
Reflecting itself in the water below.

Unconscious those two in the boat, as it drifted,
Of everything round them, and silent was each ;
For the youth, as he gazed in the sweet eyes uplifted,
Discoursed in a language unfettered by speech.

AGAINST THE STREAM.

THE scene had changed. The rain which now descended

Had washed from sight all traces of the shore ;
In one dull grey the sky and river blended—
The boat was drifting with the tide no more.

With eager strokes the rower toiled and breasted
With all his strength the adverse wind and tide ;
Hopeless and weary, fain would he have rested,
But for *her* sake the oars he bravely plied.

The foaming river, headlong onward sweeping,
Threatened each moment to engulph the pair ;
But still he struggled on—the maiden weeping,
Her hands together clasped in silent prayer.

Pale was the brow those golden tresses shaded,
Pale as the lilies crushed beneath the keel ;
All joyous light from out her eyes had faded,
And hard she strove her terror to conceal.

At last they're saved—when she, with soft caressing,
Bemoaned in tender accents o'er his pain,
“I strove for thee,” he said, “and Love, in blessing,
Transmutes all toil and makes it joyful gain.”

HIS SYMPATHY.

HAVE patience, little one, with bleeding feet ;
Though sharp the thorns and dark and long the
way,
One stands with outstretched arms His child to greet,
Who longs to turn thy darkness into day.

And as thou wanderest through the Desert Land,
Dost grieve that none have felt like thee before ?
Look up and see those footprints in the sand ;
Revive, thou drooping heart, and weep no more.

For One has been before thee, even here,
And felt much deeper woe than thou canst feel,
Who, though thou see'st Him not, is ever near
To shield thee with His love, to soothe and heal.

O canst thou doubt His sympathy and love,
Who wept with Mary o'er her brother's grave ?
Turn to the Cross ! 'tis there that thou wilt prove
The love He bears to those He died to save.

MARGUERITE.

A SONG.

A MAIDEN sauntered one Summer's day
Through the daisies and grasses high.
"I would learn my fate, let come what may,"
She said, with a smile and a sigh.

She plucked a daisy ; the petals fell
Like snowflakes about her feet.
"He loveth thee not, he loveth thee well,"
Did an echo the words repeat ?

She turned, and the answer she longed to know
In a pair of brown eyes she read.
"I love thee dearly," he whispered low.
"Then the daisy was right," she said.

SPRING.

A VIOLET-fringèd wood, whence comes a sound
Of murmuring cadence. To his sorrowing mate
The ringdove coos, like splash on thirsty ground
Of limpid waters : "Love, she tarries late
For whom we long. Oh ! sad the weary hours,
Until she comes to wake the sleeping flowers."

An arch of colour flung across the sky,
And silvery raindrops filtering through a cloud ;
The tears of Heaven, which dim her azure eye,
But brighten Earth, and melt her wintr'y shroud.
The Spring hath come to end the weary hours,
And with her soft caress, to wake the flowers.

The nightingale from out her leafless tree,
Brown as the downy softness of her breast,
Pours forth a stream of sudden melody,
And adds her share of tribute to the rest :
"Fled are dark days, and fled the weary hours,
And all the land hath blossomed forth in flowers.

A maiden wandering by the river side,
And gathering myosotis growing free ;

She casts the blossoms on the hurrying tide,
And whispers low : " I send them, Love, to thee.
The Spring hath come to end our weary hours,
And with her gentle kiss hath woke the flowers."

AUGUST.

HOT August sun, and happy August days !
Fain would I bear your memory in my heart
Through winter snows, and dark autumnal ways,
Long after Summer and her train depart.
Sweet-scented Summer, that we love so well,
Swift-fleeting Summer, that we may not keep ;
So full of light and love ! thy joyous spell
Is over all. O ! must we wake and weep ?
Above, the music of the murmurous bees,
And buzz of myriad moving insect wings ;
Around, in lavish wealth upon the breeze,
Her scent the creamy honeysuckle flings.
Shall I alone be sad this August day ?
No, for this once I would be free from care ;
No thought of ill shall cast its shadow grey
Upon my heart, nor find an entrance there.

NOVEMBER.

A VEIL of mist hangs brooding o'er the earth,
Soft as a dream when lingering daylight dies,
And sad as unshed tears, which have their birth
'Mid Sorrow's Night 'neath Life's November skies.
Pale flowers, drooping, mourn for Summer fled,
In clouds of fragrance borne upon the air ;
Faint perfume breathed by fading petals shed,
As dying saints exhale their souls in prayer.
And in our sadden'd hearts, so cold and grey,
A fair new hope is stirred, as strange as sweet,
Telling of Life amid sad Life's decay,
And joys that come our lonely hearts to greet.
Die, Autumn flowers ! Can we not wait awhile,
Till white-stoled Winter noiseless leaves the land ?
Then shall we rise to hail with many a smile
The blossoms Spring shall bear us in her hand.

THE LOST LOVE.

A SONG.

LIKE the wind which sweeps light o'er the clover,
And then dies away on the sea,
Like a dream which is dreamed and is over,
Is the love that you gave, Love, to me.

Like a star which in Heaven is lighted,
And shines with a ray pure and true,
A guide to the traveller benighted,
Is the love that I give, Love, to you.

Sometimes when the night-dews are falling
And breezes blow fresh from the shore,
You may hear thro' the dusk a voice calling :
"Come back, O my lost love, once more !"

CARTHAGE.

GREAT Carthage ! once the glory of the world,
From heights supreme to nether darkness hurled ;
Like unto those first angels who aspired
To vie with God, by proud ambition fired,
And fell, the victims of their fateful lust ;
Like them, thou too wast humbled in the dust.
Enriched by commerce, drunken with success,
Still on to further conquests didst thou press ;
Spain, Greece, and Rome before thine armies fled,
Leaving the ground encumbered with their dead.
But Heaven decreed thy full-orbed sun should set ;
Swift as thy rise, thy fall was swifter yet.
Before the gates of Rome thy warriors quailed,
And Roman spears o'er Hannibal prevailed.
Carthage, where art thou now ? where now thy power,
Once mightier than a flood ? A crimson flower,
Whose glorious petals opened to the sun,
And died 'neath icy blasts ere day was done.
Fierce winds sweep moaning o'er thy trampled bed,
And eagles scream their requiem to the dead !

KATE "BARLASS."

GREY rose the Convent walls near ancient Perth,
Snow lay around upon the frost-bound earth,
Snow clothed the hills, in tumbling masses piled
Above each other, in confusion wild ;
Dark, ghostly firs their misty shapes defined
Against the background of the hills behind ;
From their black shadows, shrouding rock and glen,
Crept forth the shadows of three stealthy men,
Just as the Convent clock out-clanging told
The hour of midnight from the belfry old.
Some hours had passed since on the frosty air
Had rung the Angelus to evening prayer,
Since white-robed monks, within the chapel dim,
Had raised to Heaven their holy chant and hymn.
One humble form, low kneeling with the rest—
None entering, seeing, his royal state had guessed.
The King within the Convent walls had sought
Repose for body and retreat for thought.
Within his private chamber with a few
Beloved and trusty friends he then withdrew ;
Beguiled with music, far into the night,
Of Time's swift footsteps scarce they marked the flight.
Walter the page, whose locks of auburn red

Shone like a nimbus round his youthful head,
Bore cups of wine around, that every guest
His King might pledge ere he retired to rest.
Scarce had he left the room, when sudden ! shrill !
His voice cried, "Traitors !" and their blood ran chill ;
"Traitors !"—once more the piercing shriek—again !
Then muffled groans and a low sob of pain.
The guests, affrighted, started to their feet,
With terror each his fellow's eyes did meet.
A scuffle at the door. "God save the King !"
And friends, unarmed, around him form a ring.
Sweet Mistress Catherine, of the Douglas race,
The fine blood mantling to her noble face,
Flew to the door to bar it, when she saw—
Oh, treachery base !—the bar was there no more !
Lo ! swift as thought, for her dear Monarch's sake,
(How could she pause with his royal life at stake ?)
Her smooth white arm within the staple thrust :
"O'er Catherine's body come, if come you must."
One moment only could that tender flesh
Resist the onset fierce—as in a mesh,
Her King was trapped. A crash ! the bursting door !
Then o'er her body, prostrate on the floor,
Rushed in three men, their bloody daggers drawn.
Woe to the traitors that they'd e'er been born !
Nought now could save King James, the good, the just !
They pierced his body through with many a thrust ;
Then through the shadowy night the traitors fled,
Leaving a nation to bewail its dead.

Brave Mistress Douglas ! with fair Scotland's fame
Be evermore immortalized thy name !
Still shall thy deed through all the ages ring,
And men exclaim, " See how she loved the King ! "

GENERAL GORDON.

WHENCE comes that power which sways the hearts
of men,

And thrills the world at murmur of a name ?
(A tardy world to praise with speech or pen,
And one but rarely moved to loud acclaim),

Which swells the low-voiced praises of the few,
Into the deep-voiced worship of the throng,
And stirs the life in poet souls anew,
To blossom forth into the rose of song ?

A royal kingdom his, which doth comprise
Three continents ! And he of kingly line
Who reigns by love. For him the prayers arise
Of thousands yearly at an alien shrine.*

On him the abject and the suffering call—
The poorest sufferer hath the highest claim—
And slaves unfettered, weeping, prostrate fall,
At the beloved memory of his name.

The kingliness of service ! This his power ;
For he who serves is greatest. So One spake.

* He is the only Christian for whom prayers are yearly offered at Mecca.

Rich in all human sympathies, his dower,
The love which spends itself for love's own sake.

Uncrowned as yet ; a crown for such doth wait
Beyond the billows of this earthly strife.
These have attained the secret of the great—
The death of Self, which is the birth of Life !

IN MAIDEN MEDITATION.

ON the threshold of life thou'rt musing,
Sweet maid with the laughing eyes,
As clear as the brooklet yonder,
As blue as the cloudless skies.

Of what art thou dreaming, tell me,
As the tremulous sunbeams play
With the roses around thy casement,
This shadowless August day?

Say, dost thou dream of the future,
And picture it bright and fair,
With never a touch of sadness,
With never a thought of care?

Dear lass, we were not intended
For joy unchequered below.
Our Father, who loves his children,
He hath ordained it so.

Lest perchance we should cling more closely
To earth, were this life too sweet;
So sorrows are God's good angels,
To lead us up to His feet.

But whether 'mid tears or laughter
He wills that thy life be spent,
Remember, to live for others
Is the secret of true content.

Then drink in the August sunshine,
And let it pervade thy heart,
That thou mayest to those in shadow
Some gleams of its warmth impart.

NARCISSUS.

AN alder-shadowed stream 'neath fair blue skies,
Cool sunless depths, where herons stoop to drink,
O ! curl-crowned head and passion-haunted eyes,
Draw not so near towards the fateful brink.

Leave not thy mossy couch beside the strand,
Where stately foxgloves hang their dappled bells,
And tall far-spreading ferns on either hand,
Wave green above the clustering asphodels.

Rest on, imperial brow, in slumbrous ease,
Nor haste to meet the fate that darkly lowers,
Lulled by the hum of honey-laden bees,
That take thy lips for rich pomegranate flowers.

Why wilt thou not be warned ere yet too late ?
Beware, Narcissus ! some mysterious spell
Doth draw thee on. What dark and unknown fate
Lies in those sparkling waters, who can tell ?

They lure him on, as temptingly they gleam,
To slake within their depths his parched drouth,
And, bending down, within the crystal stream
He dips the scarlet blossoms of his mouth.

A wondrous face, with clouds of shadowy hair,
And glorious eyes that speak into thine own !
Say why that dream of beauty mirrored there
Full fills thine heart with pain before unknown.

Reach forth thine arms, Narcissus ! all in vain !
Nought but the mocking water dost thou clasp.
O love new sprung ! O mingled joy and pain !
Why will the loved one still elude thy grasp ?

To pine with grief through long sad months and slow,
And make thy grave amid the osiers green !
To die thus young ! yet if this must be so,
Some memory leave behind that thou hast been.

Pause ye and stay your steps who idly pass,
Trailing the flowers beneath your weary feet,
And in the tall, lush, scented meadow grass
Stoop down and pluck the pale narcissus sweet.

NAUSICAA.

DREAM on, Nausicaa, with musing sweet,
Whiling the slow-winged hours—thy love-lit eyes,
Dark as the purple iris at thy feet,
Reveal a world of hidden mysteries ;
Like rosebuds stirred by breezes from the south,
A tender smile plays round thy curvèd mouth.

Where are thy thoughts ? thou heedest not the gleam
Of golden daylight lingering in the west,
And mute for thee the music of the stream,
With Lotus lilies sailing on its breast,
While dropping blooms by apple blossoms shed,
Scatter their snow unnoticed on thy head.

Thou hearest not the peals of laughter low,
Beneath the tremulous branches of the lime,
Nor see'st the ball thy white-armed maidens throw
To measured cadence of a rhythmic rhyme.
No passing sight can charm thy far-off eyes,
Since thou hast Love, and Love has memories !

The whispering breeze that stirs thy floating hair
With soft caresses, speaks to thee of him,

And through the darkling, amorous, scented air,
Thou see'st his form amid the shadows dim.
Dreaming is sweet and waking fraught with pain ;
Dream while thou canst, for thou must wake again.

PENELOPE.

WHERE distant Ithaca the rocks upraise,
 Washed by the billows of the restless sea,
 Making her plaint through all the weary days,
 Sorrowed and sighed the sad Penelope.

What heeded she though silver-sandalled dawn
 Might scatter crimson roses in the East,
 Or skim with dewy step o'er brake and lawn?
 Her tears still fell a-down, nor ever ceased.

And what to her the winged full-throated choir,
 Singing their praises to the god of day?
 Or minstrel's song? or sweet-tuned stringèd lyre?
 She heard them not—Odysseus was away.

And what cared she for pomp and queenly state,
 For broidered robe and zone bejewelled rare?
 For silver laver, golden sculptured plate?
 Nought could delight—Odysseus was not there.

Hateful the sounds of revelry below,
 From suitors feasting high, and drinking deep;
 To her, beside the lonely taper's glow,
 To rest a stranger, and a foe to sleep.

Upon her frame a woven fabric fair,
Which yet no progress made. Each silken thread
She did withdraw, which erst she plac'd there ;
The daylight's toil undone, when day had fled.

Model of faithfulness ! O wifely heart,
To plan with Love's own cunning this delay !
The gods reward thee, heal thy hapless smart,
And bear thy lord upon his homeward way !

SAVING THE COLOURS.

AN INCIDENT IN THE ZULU WAR.

BY swift Tugela's rushing tide,
By Umvelosi's wave,
On dark Zlobani's mountain side
Our heroes lie—fair England's pride—
Fighting 'gainst fearful odds each died,
And found a soldier's grave.

Coupled with Isandlana's name,
The world the tale shall tell
Of deeds that set the heart aflame,
How English blood wiped out the shame ;
For aye shall live the deathless fame
Of those who nobly fell.

The fadeless laurels of the dead
Their marble brows have crowned,
For whom a nation's tears were shed,
Who swift to save the colours sped ;
We raised them from the river-bed,
The colours lost and found.

WATCHING THE OLD YEAR DIE.

DREAMING away by the fire,
Where the embers are burning low,
And watching the sands of the year run out,
The year that is ebbing slow—
The shadows they come and go.

They gather shape in the darkness,
As they move with a noiseless pace,
And my eyes grow dim with a rush of tears,
As out of the silent space,
I welcome thy long-lost face.

The years that have rolled between us,
Have furrowed my brow with care,
But thine is wearing a calm so sweet,
A calm which I fain would share,
For the stamp of His peace is there.

The road has been rough and thorny,
And steep which my feet have trod,
But thou canst look back on thy journey done,
As with reverent feet unshod,
Thou treadest the hills of God.

I see through a glass but darkly,
And long for a clearer light,
But Thou hast passed out to the golden dawn,
Where faith has been lost in sight,
And there shall be no more night.

The shadows are growing fainter,
And the last year's sands have run ;
And I think with joy of our meeting soon,
As the hour tells, one by one,
Of another year begun.

AUTUMN.

THE Autumn mists are rising chill,
The Autumn days are drear.
Where are they gone, the sunny hours?
The friends that once were near?

In childhood all was bright and gay,
And grief and care unknown;
But now I've learnt that all must change,
And I am here alone.

I watched the swallow build its nest,
The leaves bud forth in spring;
But now the trees are almost bare,
The swallow's on the wing.

Its nest is all deserted now,
Beneath the sheltering eaves,
And fluttering down upon the ground,
Drop fast the crimson leaves.

The Autumn mists are rising chill,
The Autumn days are drear;
O for the sunny hours gone by,
The friends that once were near!

THE TWO ROSES.

THEY paced along the pleach'd walks,
Where roses blossomed fair.
He plucked a crimson-hearted bud,
And placed it in her hair.

"The hue of Love—the flower of Love,"
He whispered, "emblem meet ;
Wilt keep it for my sake as long
As seas divide us, Sweet ?"

For sole reply, a snow-white rose
She gave into his hands :
"Wilt keep my pledge," she whispered low,
"In distant foreign lands ?"

"And when the white rose you return,
The red rose I'll restore,
And we shall be united, Love,
To part again no more."

A battlefield, 'mid carnage fierce,
And din of striving foes ;
A dying youth, who to his lips
Close pressed a withered rose.

They bore it to the maid he loved ;
And ere one year had fled,
Two roses blossomed o'er her grave—
A white rose and a red.

NIGHTFALL.

SOFT dews are falling,
Song birds are calling,
Hushed is the hour ere daylight hath fled.
Wild roses paling,
Perfume exhaling,
One by one lightly their petals they shed.

Lo ! the sun dying,
O'er cloudlets flying,
Flings his red banner till crimson they be ;
Hush ! daylight fadeth,
Darkness invadeth
Earth, and the night falls on meadow and lea.

VIOLET.

SINGING brightly, little maiden,
Tossing cowslip balls on high,
Say, shall Time, the sorrow-laden,
Ever dim your laughing eye?

Hawthorn blossoms, gently falling,
Shower on your golden head;
Little reck you that they ever
Will lie faded, shrivelled, dead.

In your childish play, my darling,
Thread your slender daisy chain,
Fairy links for fairy fingers,
Which a breath will break in twain!

Happy innocence and laughter!
Clouds will come, and stormy skies,
But the future's wisely hidden
From the little maiden's eyes.

AFLOAT.

TRIM the sails and catch the breezes,
Skimming o'er an opal sea,
With its mingled colours shifting,
Ever shifting ceaselessly.

Half awake, and half in dreamland,
To the sailor's chant we list,
'Neath a sky of rose and amber,
Melting into amethyst.

Creaking ropes and flapping canvas,
Lull us as the sails are spread,
While we watch with half-closed eyelids,
Curlews wheeling overhead.

Sail we on past fairy islands
Rising from the ocean's breast,
Wafting us their spicy odours,
Fanned by summer winds to rest.

Sunset fades, and shimmering moonbeams
Light for us a silvery track—
Could we thus sail ever onward,
Dreaming still, nor looking back !

Ne'er a thought of cloud or tempest,
To dispel our pleasant trance,
As we float through peaceful waters,
Or on happy waves we dance.

Were this good? In rose-leaf slumbers
Thus to dream away our life?
Better arm us for the future,
Better nerve us for the strife.

A DREAM IN SPRING.

THE earth was bathed in beauty and in light,
Just woke from out her long and death-like trance,
Like to the fabled princess of romance,
By the fond kiss of her enamoured knight.

With his light touch the magic spell he broke,
The joyous streams, from icy bands set free,
Rushed with exultant music to the sea,
And all the land to life and laughter woke.

Those old and hoary monarchs of the glade,
That looked as though a century had passed
Since they in bud and leaf had blossomed last,
Appeared a miracle of leafy shade.

And all the earth arrayed herself in green,
Emblem of Hope, her new-found lord to greet ;
She spread a fairy carpet for his feet,
Of rainbow hues, and flecked with golden sheen.

White hawthorn blossomed thick above my head,
And fragrant violets perfumed the air,
Whilst I could only sigh to think there were
Souls who to such great loveliness were dead.

When all at once a voice fell, clear and low,
 (From whence it came I know not), on my ear :
 “ Poor child,” it said, “ the substance is not here—
These are but shadows that you see below.

“ To me the fairest flower you prize and love,
 Is dim, and stained with earthliness and sin—
 The true, the beautiful, are blooming in
The garden of the paradise above.

“ Whene’er a child is born upon your earth,
 His guardian angel plants a floweret fair,
 Which he doth tend with ceaseless loving care,
From the first moment of that infant’s birth.

“ And as the grace of God works in his heart,
 So doth his flower grow beautiful and tall ;
 But just as surely will it droop and fall
If he reject the good, the better part.

“ And then do tears of tender pity flow,
 The only tears by angels ever shed,
 Which have their source in that pure fountainhead
Of Love far deeper than you yet can know.

“ But joy transcendant fills the hosts on high,
 When one poor sinner conquers in the strife
 Then shall his flower throughout eternal life
In perfect beauty bloom and never die ! ”

"Tell me my flower," I cried, but all in vain ;
No answer came and not a sound was heard,
Saving the singing of a distant bird,
And echoes sending back my words again.

*UNDER THE CHESTNUT TREE.**FOUR SEASONS IN A LIFE.*

THEY met beneath the chestnut tree,
A resting place they found ;
Like summer snow the blossoms fell,
Unheeded on the ground.

He gazed into her eyes' sweet depths,
That mirrored Heaven's own blue,
And vowed that nought his love could change,
That he, as Heaven, was true.

They sat beneath the chestnut tree—
Still was the summer air ;
A little bird upon a bough
With bright eyes watched the pair.

The spreading branches overhead,
Tempered the noontide heat,
And through the fan-like leaves the sun
Danced flickering at their feet.

They stood beneath the chestnut tree—
The sky was overcast ;
The yellow leaves fell one by one,
In mourning for the past.

They stood apart, his brow was stern,
Like storm beclouded skies ;
No more he met the trustful look
In her sad tear-dimmed eyes.

They parted 'neath the chestnut tree—
With icicles 'twas hung ;
And over all the frozen land
A snowy shroud was flung.

Without a sigh, without a tear,
The last good-bye was said.
What wintry blast had blighted both
These hearts now cold and dead ?

THE POOL.

THE wild wind sweeps across the glen,
The wild wind stirs the rill ;
It moves the rushes by the pool,
That pool so dark and still.

It wakes grand music in the pines,
Like distant cannon's roar ;
Now soughing low, like murmuring waves
Upon the lone sea shore.

It holds high revelry to-night,
On moorland, copse, and hill,
And whirls, in wild fantastic dance,
The leaflets at its will.
Alone unmoved, 'mid sedge-grass dank,
The pool lies dark and still.

Black, vengeful clouds are rolling on
Across the stormy sky,
Like evil spirits hurrying fast,
Pursued by destiny !

The moon, like some sweet weary face,
Whose eyes with tear-drops fill,
Through broken rifts looks down upon
That pool so dark and still.

From out her window pityingly,
She gazes sad and wan ;
One little streak of trembling light
The deep pool rests upon.

She longs to send some comfort down
Upon those waters chill,
But clouds once more obscure her face —
Dark lies the pool and still.

Down to its depths that slender ray
Has pierced with healing balm,
And in the place of blank despair,
Now rests a holy calm.

The wild wind sweeps across the glen,
The wild wind stirs the rill,
It moves the rushes by the pool—
The pool lies calm and still.

MAIDENHOOD.

“Where the brook and river meet.”—LONGFELLOW.

SOFT dawns the day with flush of rosy light,
Piercing through vaporous mists with tender
gleams,

Too soon, alas ! the glare of noontide bright
Dispels our visions and dissolves our dreams.
O may you keep the freshness of your youth,
Amid the din and bustle of the world,
Your hearts retain their tenderness and ruth,
Your robes remain unsoiled, your wings unfurled—
Wings that shall bear you up to heights above,
Where common things of Earth may not intrude.
Be yours Eternal Faith and Truth and Love,
The sweet perfection of pure Maidenhood.

COURAGE.

BRAVE heart! who, fearless of the common
scorn,
And seeking Truth above all other things,
Soars high above the crowd on buoyant wings,
And, breathing purer air, feels newly born.

Coward and base is he who, with the tide,
Contented drifts, because to drift is ease;
He shrinks from man's opinion, and to please
The world he flatters, sets all Truth aside.

Far nobler 'tis against the stream to fight,
To stem the tide of Prejudice and Wrong,
Then shall the angels celebrate in Song
The birth of Truth—the Victory of Right.

SONNETS.

—
MUSIC.

DESCEND, O Music, with thy pinions light,
On that sad heart ; where Sorrow broods alone
None enter there but thou ! No ruder tone
Break on the stillness of its starless night !
Like to some holy angel robed in white,
Whose office is to stand before the Throne
And bear Love's message to the hearts that moan,
Do thou in comfort on yon soul alight.
'Neath thy sweet breath shall Spring revive again,
And Hope's fair blossoms bloom beside the way ;
The dark clouds break in sweet refreshing rain,
The night depart, the shadows flee away.
Thus, e'en on Earth, to some is oftimes given
To catch an echo of the strains of Heaven.

SYMPATHY.

IN loving eyes an answering look to find,
Of kindly hands to feel the pressure true,
A word of hope—such trifles will renew
The sinking heart, give courage to the mind,
And like the soft, sweet breath of summer wind
Upon a bank of drooping flowers, which blew
'Mid rain and sleet, but now revive anew,
So, in our lives, such influences kind
Will make the sorrowing heart a home of joy.
All that oppressed before and caused annoy,
Seems eased of half its load. Our tears should flow,
Not for ourselves, but those who do not know
God's gift of Sympathy—such lives are bare ;
When hand is clasped in hand, we smile at care.

A VALENTINE.

WAKE, O my Love ! the early dawn is creeping
Across the distant hills with golden gleams ;
How sweet must be the tenour of thy dreams,
Since thou, this happy morn, canst still be sleeping !
Beneath thy casement, where the ivy weeping,
With night-dews heavy, leans her head and sighs,
Stirred by the airs that kiss thy curtained eyes,
One faithful heart his lonely watch is keeping.
Since he impatient waits, O why delay ?
I would be first this morn my Love to greet.
The white-robed snowdrop to the opening day,
Proclaims with joy : “ We hear her coming feet.”
Like music to mine ears, thy footfall light ;
The sun has risen, and all the world is bright !

HIS SUNLIGHT.

WHO hath not stood upon some mountain height,
And watched the earth mist-mantled, grey and
cold,
And longed the veil to lift, and see unfold
A thousand beauties to his wondering sight?
When, lo ! the sun has risen with magic might,
The mists have melted—Mountains grand and bold,
Fair dimpling vales and many a peaceful fold,
All, all are sparkling in the morning light.
Of us the type ; while wrapped in selfish ease,
Who can discern in us the Godhead's plan ?
Seeking none other than himself to please,
How poor, imperfect, dark, the soul of man ;
But once His glorious sunlight pierces through,
The mist is gone, and Heaven disclosed to view !

RICHARD WAGNER.

UNTRAMMELLED genius, eagle-winged and strong!

High o'er the babbling crowd we watched thee soar.

Alike to thee the distant torrents roar,

And purling brooklets ever-murmuring song,

Since thou didst dwell the mountain-tops among,

Where rolling thunders shook the summits hoar ;

Now, tender airs divine thy spirit bore

To where the spheral melodies belong,

Now, led thee through some dim enchanted ground,

Ghost-peopled, and the listening world was drowned

In floods of music. Scant our meed of praise,

And poor our homage in the earlier days,

But now a thousand trumpet-tongues arise

And shout the name of Wagner to the skies.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GERMAN.

I THINK OF THEE.

FROM GOETHE.

I THINK of thee when sunbeams sparkle brightly
Upon the sea ;
When moonlight o'er the fountain shimmers nightly,
I think of thee.

I see thee in the clouds of dust that rise
Upon the way,
And in the wanderer on the bridge, who sighs
At close of day.

I hear thee in the distant muffled measure
That Ocean keeps ;
I seek in silent groves the voice I treasure,
When Nature sleeps.

Thy spirit dwells with me—although afar,
I feel thee near ;
The sun goes down ; my torch the evening star.
Oh, wert thou here !

FAREWELL.

FROM FRANZ KÜGLER.

FAREWELL thou light that on my life hast shined,
I go from thee, yet leave my love behind ;
Though far away, I near thee still will be.
Farewell, my Angel ! oh, remember me !

Though misty forms may lure me on my way,
Though elves in wood and mountain gorge may stray,
Thy image still my guiding light shall be ;
Oh, doubt me not ! farewell, remember me !

Or should'st thou fear sometimes, and feel forlorn,
Hark to the birds' sweet song on breezes borne,
They are true messengers 'twixt thee and me,
And bear my love ; farewell, remember me !

'Tis not for long, think on the year gone by,
Ah ! did it not as one short moment fly ?
I will return to union close with thee ;
'Tis not for long—Farewell, remember me.

Or should our star another fate provide,
And Death the only severer us divide,
Beyond the grave I'll still belong to thee ;
Then weep no more—Farewell, remember me !

THE PILGRIM.

FROM SCHILLER.

I WAS still in Life's bright morning
When I left my childhood's home,
And all youth's gay pleasures scorning,
Did I first begin to roam.

All my fortune, all my treasure,
Gladly did I leave behind ;
Grasped my pilgrim-staff with pleasure,
And set forth with child-like mind.

For a mighty hope upbore me,
And a voice mysterious cried :
“ Wander forth, the way's before thee,
Follow where it opens wide,

“ Till thou reach a golden portal ;
Enter in, for there will be
Heavenly life for all things mortal,
Glorious immortality.”

Night came on, and morn succeeded,
But I neither paused nor stayed,
Yet I found not what I needed,
What I sought was still delayed.

Crossed my path the mountain ridges,
Rivers stayed my eager feet ;
O'er the chasms built I bridges,
And across the waters fleet.

Reached a river swiftly gliding,
As towards the East it pressed ;
Gladly trusting to its guiding,
Straight I plunged into its breast.

On its dancing waves it bore me ;
Swiftly did its waters roll
To the Ocean stretched before me,
But no nearer was my goal.

Ah ! there is no pathway wending
Thither, and the Heavens I fear,
Ne'er will touch the Earth down-bending,
And the yonder is not here !

THE WATCH ON THE RHINE.

FROM MAX SCHNECKENBURGER.

A SHOUT like thunder fills mine ears,
Like ocean's roar and clash of spears,
The Rhine, the Rhine of Germany,
Who will the Rhine's defenders be?
Oh ! rest at peace, loved Fatherland,
The Rhine-watch firm and true shall stand.

Through hundreds, thousands, thrills the cry,
As lightnings flash from every eye ;
Each German, strong and honest, he
Defends the sacred boundary.
Oh ! rest at peace, loved Fatherland,
The Rhine-watch firm and true shall stand.

He looks up into Heaven's face,
Whence gaze the heroes of his race,
"Thou Rhine," he swears in warlike strain,
"Shalt German as my heart remain."
Oh ! rest at peace, loved Fatherland,
The Rhine-watch firm and true shall stand.

Till the last drop of blood be spilt,
Whilst there's a hand to grasp the hilt,

Whilst there's an arm to load a gun,
No foe thy shores shall over-run.
Oh ! rest at peace, loved Fatherland,
The Rhine-watch firm and true shall stand.

The cry resounds, the Rhine flows by,
High in the wind the banners fly ;
The Rhine, the Rhine of Germany,
We'll all the Rhine's defenders be !
Oh ! rest at peace, loved Fatherland,
The Rhine-watch firm and true shall stand

THE WOODLAND BIRD.

FROM VON REDWITZ.

O WOODLAND bird, enchantingly,
As ne'er before, thou sing'st to-day !
With rapturous joy I fain would fly,
Myself a bird, to God on high.

Dear little bird, sing on, nor rest,
Till wearied is thy tiny breast ;
Sing of the splendour of the Spring,
Its love, its joy, O birdie sing !

And should'st thou still sing on for aye,
Thousands of years, both night and day,
E'en then not half enough it were,
Since God hath made the world so fair !

DESOLATION.

FROM HEINRICH HEINE.

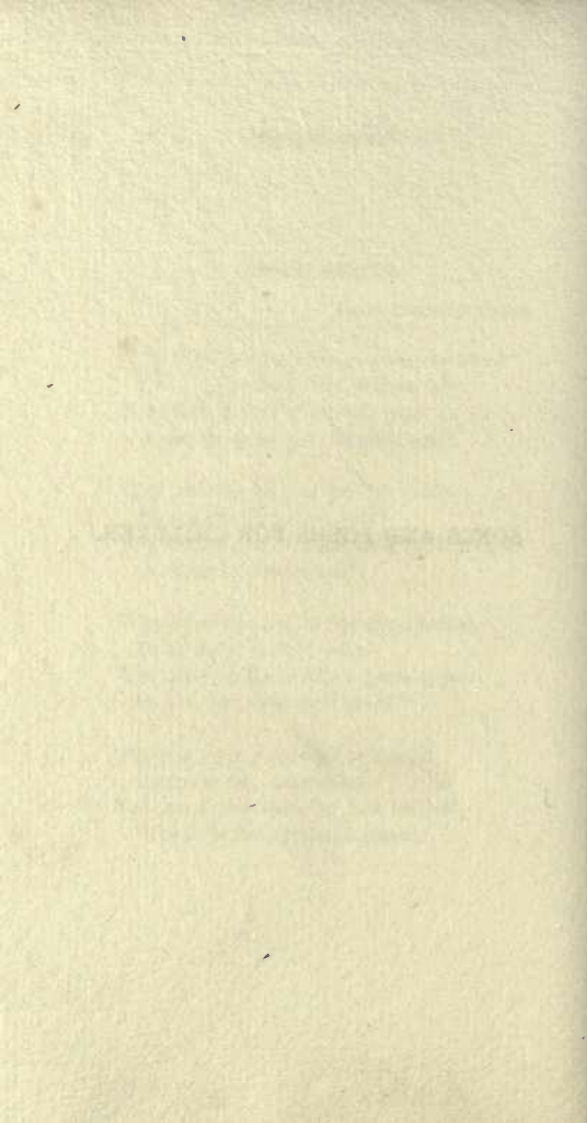
WHY are the roses so pale, my love?
O prithee, dear, tell me why.
Why does the violet dumbly gaze
From the grass with its azure eye?

Why hath the song of the lark above,
So plaintively sad a sound?
Why do the leaves of the balm breathe forth
A charnel odour around?

Why shines the sun on the mead below,
So drearily, coldly?—say.
Why does the Earth like a grave appear,
So desolate, dear, and grey?

Why am I sorry and sick at heart?
O answer me, dearest one!
Tell me, I pray thee, my best beloved,
Why didst thou leave me alone?

SONGS AND POEMS FOR CHILDREN.



SWING SONG.

IT hangs between the apple boughs,
The swing I love so well.
How many tales of happiness
Could those old branches tell.
Up we fly to the sky !
Swing me high ! swing me high !

Above my head a world of pink,
Beyond, a sky of blue ;
You look so tempting, how I wish
To mount as high as you.
Up we fly to the sky !
Swing me high ! swing me high !

When Autumn hangs its golden fruit,
Beyond my reach, so fair,
I cannot, will not, stay below,
When I can be up there !
Up we fly to the sky !
Swing me high ! swing me high !

SKATING SONG.

THE Summer is fled, and the flowers are dead,
But the Winter hath joys for me ;
All day we will skate, from morn till late,
As happy as happy can be !

With a laugh and a song, we skate along,
As swift as birds on the wing ;
Our steel-shod feet in their journey fleet,
Skim the ice with a ring, ring, ring !

The world is white and the sun shines bright,
And I have not a care to-day ;
Say what you will, I maintain it still,
December is better than May.

When the moon shines clear o'er the frozen mere,
And the ice-jewels glint and gleam,
And the stars overhead their radiance shed,
It seems like a fairy dream.

With a laugh and a song, we skate along
As swift as birds on the wing ;
Our steel-shod feet in their journey fleet,
Skim the ice with a ring, ring, ring !

BOATING SONG.

WHERE waters are glancing their brightest,
Where flowers their goodliest blow,
Where lilies are gleaming their whitest,
The long Summer day we will row.

The drops from the oar lightly dripping,
Like diamonds shine in the sun ;
Our hands in the cool water dipping,
We'll row till the long day is done.

And then, when the blossoms are sleeping,
And hushed is the bird's joyous song,
When above us the bright stars are peeping,
We'll row in the twilight along.

When the moon shall arise in her splendour
And shed her soft silvery light,
We'll feel her soft influence tender,
And row through the sweet Summer night.

BY THE BROOK.

A SHADY spot where the lilies grow,
And buttercups fringe the stream,
And through latticed branches above my head,
The flickering sunbeams gleam.

I love to steal to my favourite haunt,
Where the water is clear and deep,
And see the minnows dart to and fro,
And the silvery troutlets leap.

And I throw a stone in its crystal depths,
The noise of its splash to hear,
And I watch the circles go widening out,
Till they finally disappear.

Or I wander on by the blossoming bank,
And weave me a chaplet rare
Of the primrose pale, "Our Lady's smocks,"
And Mary-buds sweet and fair.

And where the water more swiftly runs,
I sail it and watch it float
Away to the sea on the streamlet's breast,
And call it my fairy boat.

I envy it so, for I fain would sail
To the farthest end of the world,
O'er the ocean wide, in a stately ship,
With its beautiful sails unfurled.

But I am too little—I'm weary quite
Of hearing them tell me so ;
For every thing nice I must wait *so* long,
And it takes such a time to grow !

THE CARRIER PIGEON.

OVER the Meadows of new-mown hay,
Over long leagues on this Summer day,
Over the river and over the lea,
The carrier pigeon it flies to me.

Over the brook with its mossy banks,
Where the flags stand tall in their serried ranks,
Where the purple vetch and the fern grow free,
The carrier pigeon it flies to me.

Over the heaths and the thymy dells,
Where the foxglove tinkles its fairy bells
To the drowsy hum of the velvet bee,
The carrier pigeon it flies to me.

It flies with a course so swift and true,
With its soft wings spread through the ether blue ;
If it brings me a letter, dear friend, from thee,
The carrier pigeon shall welcome be !

SLEIGH BELLS.

A NEW YEAR'S SONG.

HARK to the sound of the merry sleigh-bells !
Through the clear frosty air how they ring !
They seem to be bearing a greeting to me,
And this is the greeting they bring :

“ A bright New Year, and a glad New Year,
To all, both young and old ;
To the old content, to the young glad hopes,
For theirs is the age of gold.”

The snow lies thick on the garden bed,
But we know there is life beneath,
And the crocus buds they will soon appear,
Each with its gleaming sheath.

So in youthful hearts glad hopes are rife ;
Oh ! would they could ne'er grow old !
Ye merry sleigh bells ring out your tune :
“ For youth is the age of gold.”

THE CHILD AND THE SWALLOW.

CHILD.

“**F**RIEND Swallow, where art thou going
Wilt bear me away on thy wing?
To where myrtle and rose are blowing,
And where beautiful song-birds sing?

“The days they are growing colder,
And I am so tired of home!
They say that when I am older,
There'll be plenty of time to roam,

“And advise me to wait—such folly!
Besides, I have made up my mind;
And you shall go with me, dolly—
I'm not going to leave you behind.

“How lovely to fly o'er the ocean,
Just skimming its waters blue;
But when I get tired of motion,
Then, Swallow, what am I to do?”

SWALLOW.

“We must trust to some vessel sailing,
And rest on its topmost mast;

This I do when my strength is failing,
Until my fatigue is past."

CHILD.

"And if I get thirsty flying,
What then shall I do? for I think
I could not, although I were dying,
Consent the salt water to drink."

SWALLOW.

"With moisture the rain-clouds are laden,
Which, when we are thirsty, we sip."

CHILD.

"Dear Swallow, I think," said the maiden,
"I don't feel inclined for the trip.

"Home comforts are best, on reflection,
I'd weary so long on the wing,
And dolly would spoil her complexion—
We'll wait thy return in the Spring."

A SUMMER SONG.

A COSY nestful, soft and warm,
Four downy balls of feather ;
Sweet Mother, shield them from all harm,
From winds and stormy weather.

The Father sings his even-song,
His fledgelings watching over ;
The Summer days are bright and long,
And lengthening shadows lie among
The rich white-tufted clover.

'Mid tangled fern and roses wild,
Tosses a laughing, crowing child,
King of those fairy bowers.
Whence came so sweet, so pure a thing,
White as the angel's spotless wing,
Into this world of ours ?

The bird's last song is finished quite,
The lily whispers low : " Good night."
May angels guard you safe to-night,
Baby and birds and flowers.

THE TWO LIVES.

A WONDROUS country there lies somewhere,
Radiant its flowers and soft its air ;
Its joys are boundless—its wealth untold,
And thousands pass through its gates of gold.

Admission there is denied to none ;
The toiling man when his work is done,
The ragged child from the dusty street,
The Queen in her robes—with noiseless feet,
All in that country together meet.

None is too poor or too bowed with sin,
But has permission to enter in ;
And in those regions of magic light
Some are transformed with a wondrous might.

Once in that country there wandered free,
A maiden lovely exceedingly,
A monarch's daughter with stately grace,
Who won all hearts by her beauteous face.

Diamonds gleamed on her snowy breast,
Thousands, they waited on her behest,
Princes and nobles from every land
Struggled and fought for that maiden's hand.

But she turned a deaf ear to all, save one,
A Prince whose beauty outshone the sun ;
In loving devotion, the maiden swore
That she would be faithful for evermore.

He placed on her finger a gem so bright,
That where'er it shone there was radiant light,
And he said should ever its lustre dim,
He would know her love had grown cold for him.

Next as a bride was the maiden dressed,
Fragrant flowers bloomed on her breast,
Jewels shone bright in her raven hair,
And her silken robe swept the altar stair.

By her side stood one with a princely mien,
Who gazed with pride on his Love—his Queen,
And the Priest in solemn impressive tone,
Made them swear to live for each other alone.

.

Suddenly changed was that scene so bright,
As by fairy's wand it had vanished quite.
Where was the bride ? we must seek elsewhere,
In a different land for that lady fair.

In a squalid room, at the dawn of day,
A cripple girl on her pallet lay,
And the first bright beams of the morning shone
Through a broken pane, on her features wan.

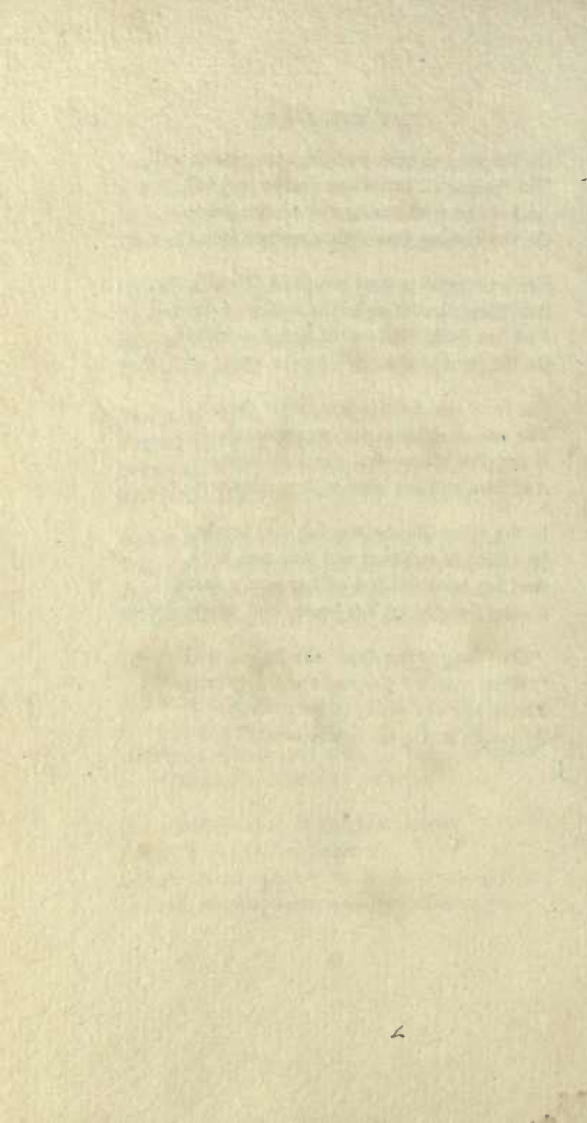
On the ragged quilt and the bare, damp wall,
Did the golden sunbeams flicker and fall,
And rested with loving and tender grace,
On the smiling lips of that wasted face.

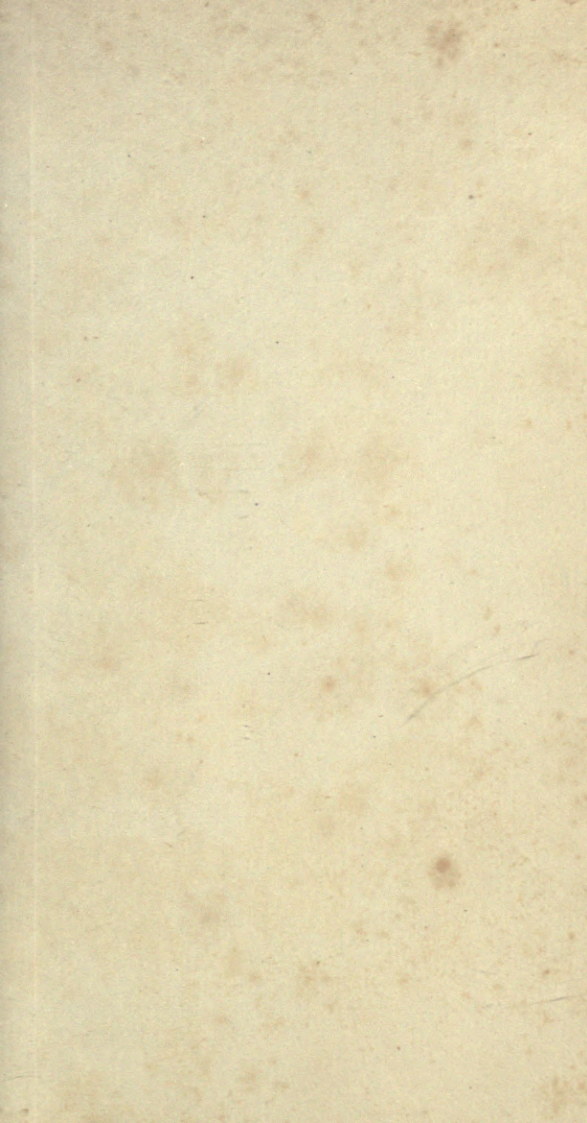
She woke with a start 'neath its friendly ray,
And greeted with sighs the return of day ;
And her smile died out as her glances fell
On the wretched room that she knew so well.

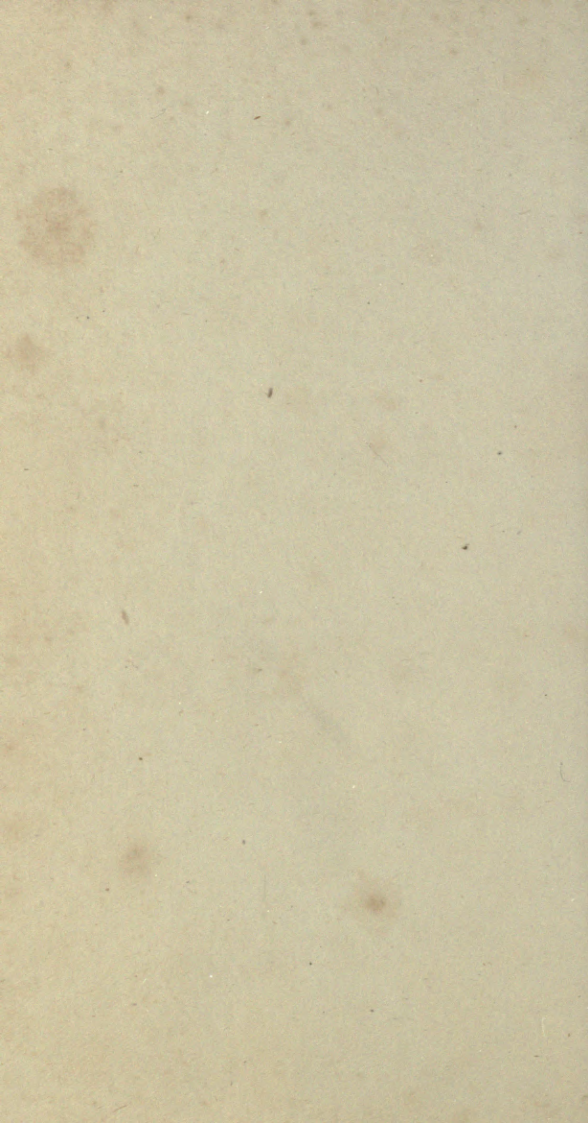
She lived two lives in her garret there,
The one of sickness and weary care ;
A crippled seamstress, she lived alone,
And love and joy were to her unknown.

In the other life she was fair and bright,
In a land of radiance and love and light,
And her tears fell fast on her weary seam,
As she thought on her joyous and happy dream.

“ Oh ! long is the day,” she sighed with pain,
“ What matter ? the night will return again ;
For be the day weary or be it long,
At length it ringeth to even-song.”







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